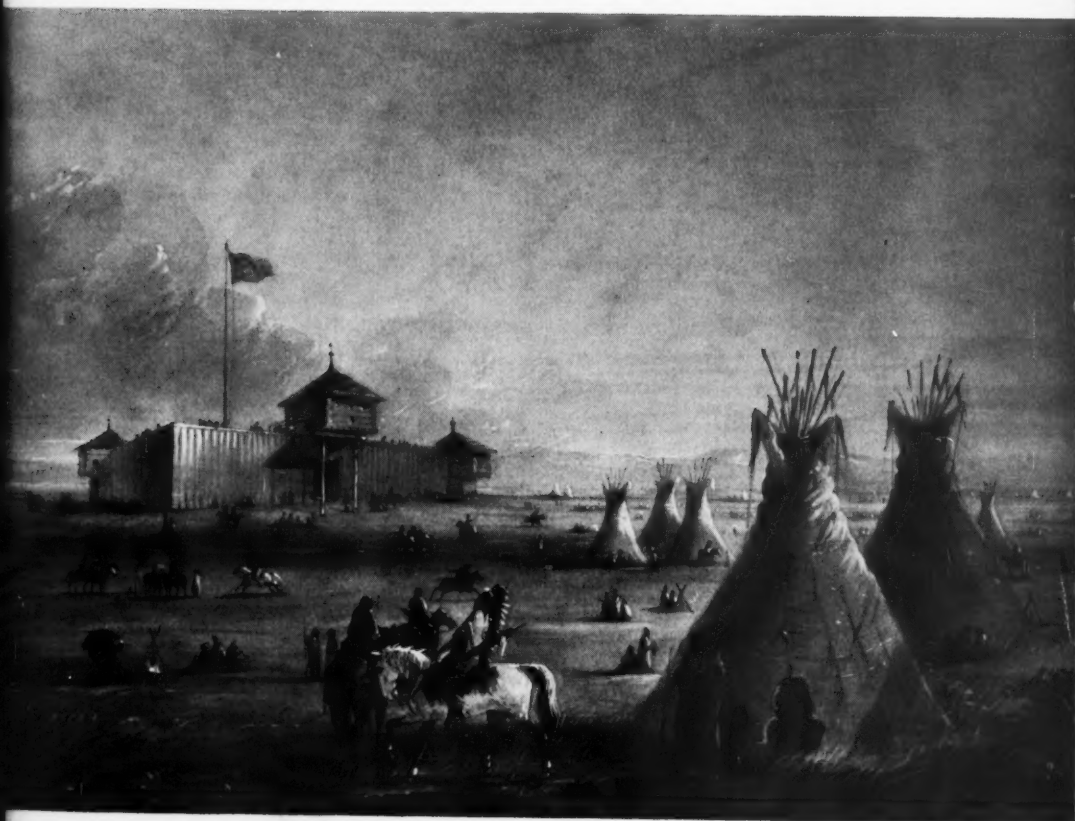


# CARNEGIE

*Magazine*



LARAMIE'S FORT

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
GENERAL LIBRARY

April 1962

25 cents



*Lapland pipe, constructed from the entire antler of a reindeer, decorated with carved and painted designs. On exhibit at Carnegie Museum.*

## The Economy of Lapland

Approximately 1600-1800 A.D.

For many generations the most important single commodity of Lapland was the reindeer. Often raised in herds, their fur and hides were used in trade and for clothing; their flesh was the principal item of the Laplander's diet; their horns were carved into crude tools and utensils—or used to make pipes, as shown here.

Little trade or agriculture were carried on in this most northern part of the Scandinavian peninsula. This is readily explained by Lapland's climate—long, fierce winters with no days—brief summers with no nights.

To maintain the barest kind of existence occupied most of the energies of the Laplanders. There was little incentive to try to develop any kind of civilization or commercial life. Thus, most trade was carried on by barter, the method of a primitive people.

Only when expanding trade and commerce give a people incentive to improve their civilization and economic status, do money and modern banking practices arise. In fact, the degree to which they have developed serves as an indicator of the financial and economic progress of any particular nation.



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### BOTTLE SHOULD BE PLAINLY LABELED "POISON"

Too powerful a drug is Hope  
For constant use, and every day.  
It warps the present's able scope,  
It leads the wishful wits astray.

That eye which Hope has focussed far  
Upon some visionary good,  
Is blinded by a distant star  
To the small flowers of the wood.

Man builds of simple stones a palace,  
The dry plain, tended, greens with grass.  
Who looks the most to future solace  
Will make the least of what he has.

There is a delicate balance set  
Between Hope's virtue and its vice.  
The man who takes it to forget  
Must know how little will suffice.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY  
*The Delicate Balance*

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### LARAMIE'S FORT

The painting reproduced on the cover is one of forty-three water colors by Alfred Jacob Miller (1810-74) from the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, on display at Carnegie Museum from April 6 through 27 in the BEAVER, BISON, AND BATTLE exhibition on the first floor. (See page 126.)

In the notebook he kept as artist to the American Fur Company trading expedition of 1837, Miller described Fort Laramie as follows:

"This post was built by the American Fur Co. situated about 800 miles West of St. Louis, is of a quadrangular form, with bastions at the diagonal corners to sweep the fronts in case of attack; over the ground entrance is a large block house, or tower, in which is placed a cannon. The interior is possibly 150 feet square, a range of houses built against the palisades entirely surround it, each apartment having a door and window overlooking the interior court. Tribes of Indians encamp here 3 or 4 times a year, bringing with them peltries to be traded or exchanged for dry-goods, tobacco, vermilion, brass, and diluted alcohol. Fontenel was in command of the fort, and received us with kindness and hospitality. We noticed around his apartment some large first-class engravings, from which we drew conclusions most favorable to Mr. F."

**BEQUESTS**—In making a will, money left to Carnegie Institute, Carnegie Institute of Technology, or Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh should be covered by the following phrase: I do hereby give and bequeath to (Carnegie Institute) or (Carnegie Institute of Technology) or (Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh) in the City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania..... Dollars

**MEMORIALS**—Carnegie Institute is prepared to receive contributions given by friends in memory of deceased persons in lieu of floral tribute, and to notify the deceased's family of such gift. The amount of the contribution will not be specified unless requested by the donor.

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# Calendar for April

## BEAVER, BISON, AND BATTLE

The clash of two cultures on the last American frontier was painted by Alfred Jacob Miller on a trading expedition to the Great Plains in 1837. This exhibition, open from April 6 through 27, features 43 of his vivid water colors, together with clothing, tools, and methods of transportation used by Indians and white men of the period. (See page 126.)

## HOWALD COLLECTION

Early work of Degas, Matisse, Derain, Picasso, Braque, Gris, Léger, Villon, and Gleizes, and the Americans—Blume, Prendergast, Glackens, Sheeler, Marin, Lawson, Demuth, Hartley, and Dickinson—is on display at the Institute through April 13. The exhibit includes 79 oils and water colors lent from the collection of Ferdinand Howald by the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

The thirty-ninth annual Salon sponsored by the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art of Pittsburgh may be seen at the Institute through April 13, comprising more than 300 prints. (See page 122.)

## NEWS PIX SALON

Photographs by the newspaper cameramen of this section will be displayed beginning April 27 through-out May in the fine arts galleries at the Institute. This will be the eighth annual News Picture Salon sponsored by the Press Photographers Association of Pittsburgh.

## ROUAULT PRINTS

The "Misery and War" series of 59 prints by Georges Rouault, presented to the Institute by Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rosenbloom, are on display through April 13. (See page 114.)

## TUESDAY EVENING LECTURE SERIES

Attendance steadily increased this season at the Tuesday evening travel lectures, just concluded, to the extent that a double performance of each program is planned for Tuesday evenings next year. The first lecture will begin at 6:35 p.m., and the second "about" 8:30 p.m.

Lecture topics and speakers, as announced by Arthur C. Twomey, head of the Division of Education, at the final lecture last month, sound most attractive and will cover faraway corners of the world entirely different from the 1951-52 series. The programs will open October 21 with "North—Far North with MacMillan" by Commander Donald B. MacMillan.

The "walking talks," now concluded, will again be scheduled next year at 7:00 p.m.

## PITTSBURGH PORTRAIT

The green years of early Pittsburgh and the black years of a community in crisis form the background for a dramatic pictorial record of civic achievement presented by the Museum and The Allegheny Conference on Community Development, in co-operation with the Pittsburgh Regional Planning Association and the Pittsburgh Photographic Library of the University of Pittsburgh.

## SPRING SERIES OF CONCERTS

By MARSHALL BIDWELL

Tuesday evenings, 8:15 o'clock, Music Hall

April 1—INDIANA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE CHOIR  
WYNN YORK, CONDUCTOR

The choir will join Dr. Bidwell to perform some rarely heard music and two new compositions by composers from the College, one being Mr. York's *Today's Women: A Millinery Cantata*.

April 8—DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA  
JAMES HUNTER, CONDUCTOR

The newly organized group of music students and alumni of the University will make its debut.

April 15—WILKINSBURG CIVIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
EUGENE REICHENFELD, CONDUCTOR

A feature of the evening will be a performance of Handel's *Tenth Concerto for Organ and Orchestra*. This orchestra is sponsored by the Wilkesburg Chamber of Commerce.

April 22—STEPHEN MOKRANJAC SERBIAN SINGING SOCIETY  
BORIS DOBROVOLSKY, CONDUCTOR

Wearing colorful Serbian costumes, this local organization will offer folk songs and dances.

April 29—EDGEWOOD HIGH SCHOOL A CAPPELLA CHOIR  
JANET FLOYD, CONDUCTOR

This A Cappella Choir has won three first awards in Pennsylvania Forensic and Music League Contests since 1948.

## NEW HORIZONS

Theme for the special exhibit currently in the Boys and Girls Room of the Library, arranged by Elizabeth Rockwell Raphael in the modern spirit, is "New Horizons in Children's Books."

## NATURE CONTEST

The annual contest open to children interested in natural history from all over the tristate area, to be held Saturday, May 3, will close the Museum season for Saturday nature clubs and moving pictures.

Fifth to eighth graders will take the test at 10:00 a.m., and ninth to twelfth graders at 1:30 p.m. Study lists may be obtained from the Division of Education.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON MOVIES

Free color-sound moving pictures for boys and girls of school age are shown each Saturday at 2:30 p.m., in Lecture Hall. Travel and wildlife are featured.

## STORY HOUR

Story-telling for youngsters of school age continues each Saturday at 2:00 p.m., in the Boys and Girls Room at the Library.

Pre-school story hour comes on Wednesdays, April 2, 16, and 30, at 10:30 a.m., in Boys and Girls Room. The topics of talks for mothers at the same time, by Library staff members, are inviting: April 2—"The Bugaboo of Budgeting"; 16th—"Library to Kitchen"; 30th—"Literary Hoaxes."

## TAMS AND PALS

The spring exhibit of work from the Tam O'Shanter and Palette art classes will be held on the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture from April 17 to May 1.



## From far Places

Gossiping, gawking, grooming their feathers, these geese have the timeless-placeless quality of art.

● They are Everyman's geese ... as much at home among the flock of Egyptian ganders, painted some thirty centuries B. C. on a tomb at Medûm, as they would be today sashaying their impudent tails in your barnyard.

● This universality was the genius of the Japanese genre ivory worker who carved these geese a century ago.

● Universality has this same appeal at the table. Among the 57 Varieties are ageless favorites—soups, baked beans, fruit jellies, pickles, condiments—foods that have pleased man's palate since he began cooking.



H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57

Heinz Collection Carnegie Institute

## MISERY AND WAR BY ROUAULT

VIRGINIA E. LEWIS

FIFTY-NINE prints, a series entitled *Misere et Guerre* by Georges Rouault, are now on view in the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture. They are the generous gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rosenbloom to the print collection of the Department of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute and provide an exciting corollary to the *Old King*, one of the artist's most important paintings, also in the permanent collection.

These prints have been spoken of as Rouault's most ambitious project in the graphic arts. He worked on them almost exclusively for nine years according to various accounts, from 1916 to 1918, and again from 1920 to 1927. Rouault himself tells us that they were first executed as drawings in India ink and later, at the request of the famous picture dealer and publisher, Ambroise Vollard, translated into paintings; then, also at his instigation, the designs were transferred to copper plates and issued finally as prints.

They are called etchings but actually they are a combination of several of the

intaglio techniques. By a photomechanical process known in its beginnings as heliogravure and today as photogravure, the design has first been transferred to a sensitized copper plate. The photographing allows for an exact image showing accurately gradations of tone, light and shade, brush strokes and pigment, on the copper plate. Rouault then worked over the plate by hand with a number of different tools—the graver, the etching needle, roulette, emory paper—and has also applied acid, until sometimes the original image has been almost eradicated. But in most cases



TWO GROTESQUES



THIS WILL BE THE LAST, DEAR FATHER

the quality of the pigment with its attendant brush stroke is reproduced and the resulting effect with its emphasis upon texture is like a combination print and painting.

The original plan was for two large portfolios of fifty prints each, one to be entitled *Misere* and the other *Guerre*, to be published by Ambroise Vollard. Supposedly they are based on texts by the French writer, André Suarès. Rouault



finished, in 1927, more than half the intended number of the plates and they were printed in an edition of five hundred copies on a fine Arches paper made especially for Vollard with his own name as a watermark. Later Vollard cancelled the plates and kept the prints, unassembled, in his possession until his death in 1939. At the settlement in 1947 of the famous long-



EURYDICE! EURYDICE!

drawn-out litigation over Rouault's work which had been in the possession of Vollard, Rouault recovered the prints and from them selected fifty-eight, which were published in portfolio the following year, 1948, under his direction by L'Etoile Filante in Paris. The present exhibition consists of a complete set with the addition of "Woman with Necklace," which was apparently not chosen by Rouault for publication.

Rouault himself tells us that most of the subjects date from 1914 to 1918, and perhaps they were inspired by such a work as the unillustrated *C'est la Guerre: Commentaires sur la guerre des boches*, published in 1915 by Emile Paul Frères in Paris. But in the preface to *Le Miserere de Georges Rouault*, a publication of reproductions of the prints, issued in 1951, also by the L'Etoile Filante and under the supervision of the



CHRIST ON THE CROSS, WITH DISCIPLES

artist, Rouault tells us that there had been some question of André Suarès' writing a text but that he unhappily was not able to carry out such a project. One can only assume that in making his own titles he tried out several variations of the thought before arriving at those with which he was finally satisfied. In 1939 he made the statement that the titles which he gave at that time to the series were "a feeble guide for the free text of M. André Suarès." He thought of them as a spiritual not a literal guide, (According to the checklist of exhibition of *Miserere et Guerre*, Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut, April 1949). Many of them in the published series differ again in content, and thus further illustrate the changing thought of Rouault. It would seem likely too that Vollard and subsequent dealers might have taken liberties with the titles. Many of these prints, however, were released spasmodically before the 1948 portfolio publication and have found their way, not always as a set, into museums and private collections. The variety of titles found in exhibition catalogues in connection with this series has been increased by the apparent freedom of translation and in certain cases by the substitution of extracts of the legends as specific captions.

The whole problem of titles in connection with the visual arts is an especially interesting one at the present time. Modern freedom denies the subservience to the old classical phrase "ut pictura poesis" (as is painting, so is poetry), yet here we obviously have a work inspired from literature. The greatness of Rouault is felt in the manner by which his representation transcends the force of the written word. Yet their meaning is augmented by the legends which he has no doubt reworked in an effort to make the rhythm of their language correspond to the mood of his visual expression.

One is reminded of Callot's *Les Misères de la Guerre* and Goya's *Los Desastres de la Guerra*. In the former we have rather a juxtaposition of two media with the art tending towards illustration. In the latter the process is reversed with the texts as additions clarifying, as it were, the prints. The word "miserere" of Rouault's series should not be confused with "misère" so usually related to war. With Rouault it was never the actual event or fact which was important, but rather what it stood for in relation to humanity and God. And so we have variations of meaning that seem in some instances to enhance greatly the force of the visual work. Thus his titles are as symbolic as his pictures.

Certainly the title "Chinois inventa, dit-on, la poudre à canon, nous en fit don," is meant to be taken symbolically. This has been more freely translated "The old Chinaman—he does not know on which foot to dance." But one question is if Rouault even had the idea of a Chinese in mind when he first executed the print. To be sure there are certain oriental traits observable to the imaginative spectator but it has even been suggested that the figure represents Vollard, and the title sometimes given to this print, which is also the one used in the present exhibition, is "Louis XI." As an example of a melancholy and confused state of mind with latent power at one's disposal, the title referring to gunpowder is particularly illuminating and

apparently it became Rouault's final choice. More suggestive of a specific event is the illustration for "Plus le coeur est noble, moins le col est roide" (The nobler the heart, the less stiff the neck). This is obviously a caricature of the German officer in World War I, even suggesting Kaiser Wilhelm. It had formerly the title "With neither life nor joy." Certainly the final title, indicating as it does the proverb deriving from the experience of life, has the more human appeal. The spectator would have many interpretations for "Woman with Arms Crossed" were he to see it apart from a series. But when viewed with Rouault's last title "Des ongles et du bec" (She is able to defend herself) one senses immediately the power of woman no matter what her rank. "Society Woman" who in Rouault's own words "believes she has a place reserved for herself in Heaven" might be looked upon with tongue in cheek. But if we laugh, we laugh nervously, for Rouault's message is ever one of gravity. Even his clowns have more than the traditional sadness. The "Two Grotesques," one of whom grins without mirth, he calls "Nous sommes fous," and mad we are, smugly satisfied with our own inadequacy. The print "En tant d'ordres divers, le beau métier d'ensemencer une terre hostile" with its concept of spiritual compensation, offers an element of hope that contrasts strongly with the earlier title "The Beggar" and is more consistent with the general theme of mercy and humility that seems to characterize the entire series. As an exception to that theme it is interesting to suggest that subservience to authority at times looms larger than compassion in Rouault's mind. For this thought, partaking of the Old Testament rather than the New, which emphasizes Christian forgiveness, he has chosen a classical theme, the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice. It is possible that Rouault has recently revised his own ideas as well as those of Suárez as to the complete meaning of many of these prints. "Jesus honni" conveys more than "Jesus with his head turned." It is the disgrace of mankind He bears with great humility. One of his finest conceptions is his "Christ on the Cross with Disciples." Rouault has entitled this traditional theme "Aimez-vous les uns les

[Turn to page 129]

Miss Lewis teaches the History of Print-Making among several courses which she gives in the fine arts department of the University of Pittsburgh. She is also curator of exhibitions at the University. She studied at Wellesley College and took her master's degree at Pitt.





## PENNSYLVANIA 20,000 YEARS AGO

OTTMAR F. VON FUEHRER

**W**HEN the task was assigned to me to paint a mural depicting the mastodon and mammoth in Pennsylvania twenty thousand years ago my first job was to make some intensive studies of two mounted skeletons in Fossil Hall at Carnegie Museum. I planned to feature the mastodon in the foreground of the painting, and the mammoth in the distance. The fossil bones of these animals often were found together, indicating that they lived in the same locality, possibly at the same time.

There is a marked difference in these two skeletons. We know the European mammoth quite well. The cave man of Europe made excellent, artistic, and no doubt faithfully realistic studies of these interesting animals on cave walls, showing the tall body, high at the shoulders, with the elongated head emphasized by a high forehead, still more accentuated by long hair from the crown. No doubt his American cousin the mastodon looked very much the same. By comparison of the skeletons, the mastodon had a broad square head and

was a much bulkier, heavier-boned, more squatty animal than the mammoth. These of course are only general characteristics; anatomically, their teeth show distinct scientific differences. But in order to understand the elephant-like animals twenty thousand years ago, it was imperative for me also to study the present-day proboscideans, both the Indian and the African. Our Highland Park Zoo at that time had only two young Indian elephants which, although quite helpful for general observations, could not take the place of full-grown specimens.

It was my good luck that Ringling Brothers' Big Top was scheduled to come to town just at the most opportune time. The first performance was to be a matinee on a Friday at 2:30 o'clock. On the designated day I anxiously hurried out to the Heidelberg race tracks, the location of "The Biggest Show on Earth." I arrived out there at 10:30 A.M., expecting everything to be present including the elephants, so that I could start to work immediately. To my great disappointment, nothing was

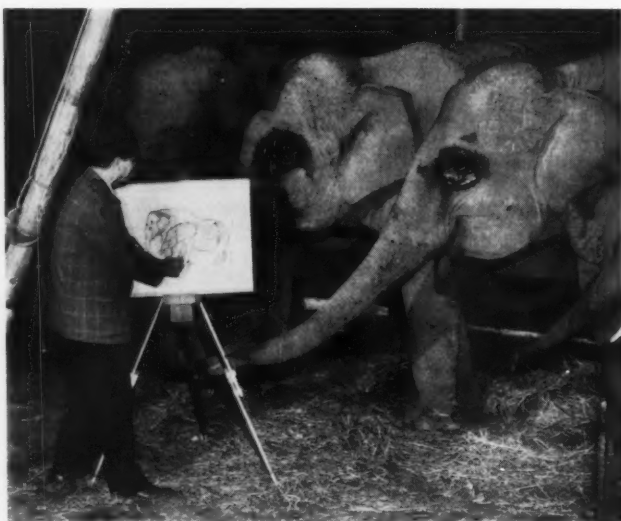
there except the animal tent, which was empty, and a mess tent with a few stragglers of the avant-garde of the circus crew drinking coffee! The general inactivity at this late hour was understandable, since the two sections of the train bringing the tents and elephants were three hours late. No wonder there were no elephants in sight!

Finally the train arrived. No sooner did it come to a stop than the giant pachyderms were unloaded and herded across the field, amidst much excitement of hundreds of on-lookers, the shouts of the elephant boys riding the beasts on their necks, urging them on with the famous elephant sticks reinforced with hooks. Forty full-grown elephants, running at full speed, leaving enormous dust clouds behind, trumpeting, screaming with nervous excitement, was indeed a sight not to forget. The vivid scene sent my imagination back twenty thousand years, when at the same place perhaps even a bigger herd of mastodons or mammoths or both were chasing across the same valley, with the same screams and nervous screeches, possibly with a brush or forest fire or some other danger behind them. Maybe it was then spring and the surrounding hills were studded with beautiful trees in blossom, the meadows carpeted with wild flowers; or it might have been autumn with the unbelievably brilliant colors typical of our Pennsylvania of today.

But now only the bare field was visible, on which the tent rolls were already being placed. As soon as this was done and the poles all laid out in their respective places, the elephants were brought on. Half a dozen were hitched to the center poles, not only pulling up the poles but also the center of the Big Top, which was fastened to the poles. As the tent was pulled up in the center, the other elephants were

pulling on the smaller poles, lifting up the side wall of the tent. This enormous task of erecting the large tent took only a few minutes, amidst the shouting commands of a dozen men and the groaning and screaming of the elephants, pulling with all their might, egged on by last-minute encouragement with hook and stick. In the midst of the seeming confusion, high-powered trucks with deafening noise were already milling around inside the tent, stopping at designated places, unfolding automatically the slanting floors with stairs, chairs, and railing. When the tent was lifted and the ropes tied to the stakes outside, every seat was already in its place.

It looked now as if, in spite of three hours' delay, the show would certainly go on. This had been assumed all the time by the occupants of the nearby open tent, where many of the stars were waiting for the signal to occupy their dressing quarters. The elephant boys' shouts and the nervous groaning and screaming of the elephants were still audible, but here among the performers everything was quiet and serene. Most of them were listlessly dozing away. The man who was the spectacular sensation in the show (he balanced himself on a single finger) sat in a chair with his chin resting on an umbrella, looking into the



*Pittsburgh Press*

MR. VON FUEHRER SKETCHING INDIAN ELEPHANTS AT THE CIRCUS

distance as if nothing were happening around him. Another good-looking man who performed dangerously on a high tightwire was sprawled out on several suitcases, nonchalantly reading a letter from Cuba amidst all this bedlam and confusion. A charming blonde with a pigmy poodle on her lap, one of the performers on high trapeze, was powdering her nose as if that were the only thing that mattered at that moment. All this tranquillity was interrupted by a call that made these star performers rush with bundles, suitcases, dogs, and so on, to the dressing quarters behind the trucks that had unfolded the arena seats. So the show was going on after all—but I had lost my chance and precious time for that day to make my charcoal sketches of elephants.

Next day I trekked back to make up for lost time, but not lost experience. Every free moment the elephants had I spent studying them from head to foot. They all belonged to the fair sex and had names ranging from Ethel to Suzi. Two of them were quite old: their small eyes with sunken cheek bones and big, shaky joints clearly showed they had seen better days. I was fortunate also that the circus had a young African bull elephant, which gave me a chance to make comparative studies between the inhabitants of Africa and India, the main differences being that the African has large ears, the Indian small; the African has one bump on his head, the Indian two.

There was one great satisfaction that indeed gave me encouragement for the forthcoming panel. I had never made an elephant study before, but when, after two days of work, I lined up my drawings at the request of a head keeper and for the benefit of the elephant boys, he said to me:

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Mr. von Fuehrer has been chief staff artist at Carnegie Museum since 1922. As a child he worked with his father in the Natural History Museum at Vienna and he studied biology at the University of Vienna and sculpture and painting at the Wiener Kunstgewerbe Schule. Mr. von Fuehrer is a graduate of Carnegie Institute of Technology. He exhibits regularly with the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and the Pittsburgh Water Color Society. In May he leaves to spend three months in Europe, painting and lecturing. His headquarters during that time will be Haus der Natur, the natural-history museum in Salzburg.

"You know, we have a lot of artists come around our winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida. Many of them have made good drawings of these elephants, but you are the first to do them so that we can tell whether it is Suzi, Sally, Mary, or Sofiel!" This, coming from their trainer, meant a lot to me.

With such encouragement, with vim, vigor, and vitality, and possibly some talent too, I soon was to start on this 17-by-24-foot panel (shown on page 117). Since we had decided that Pennsylvania twenty thousand years ago would be portrayed in the autumn, I now made many trips, from Cook Forest to Somerset, to study various localities. To avoid doubts as to whether any specific place really looked like that so many, many years ago, I decided to use for the setting a generalized composite locality.

Fossils found of mastodons and mammoths, as well as bears, wolves, cats, and so on, prove they have all lived here. So far no bones of humans in conjunction with proboscidean remains or any of their implements have been discovered in this territory. But since specimens of excellently worked spearheads have been found in New Mexico in association with the bones of the extinct elephant, horse, and bison, it is safe to assume that man was coexistent with these animals out there and probably here also. So the two hunters, probably members of a tribe, appeared in my painting.

It must have been a happy hunting ground for early man. His hunting implement might have been only his spear, which he doubtless used with great skill and courage, although for his daily forage he probably satisfied himself and his family by killing mostly the young ones from the numerous herds of mammalian creatures around him. Rivers and creeks must have been teeming with a great number and variety of fish. I feel sure the two hunters and fishermen in my painting did not have much trouble spearing a good number of the speckled trout out of the cool water of a mountain stream. There were even some left over for the perhaps only partially tamed bitch and her puppies. The big bull mastodon, attracted by the splashing of the water and the howling of the wolves, left his herd to come over to see what was going on at their daily drinking place. The

two fishermen probably were not perturbed by this monster; they had seen him before, and they knew from past experience that this big animal would think twice before crossing these treacherous rocks, covered with slippery moss and lichen. But their interest was attracted and they were probably puzzled by the newly arriving mammoths in the far distance. Who knows? Maybe they had never seen them before.

The mural is a realistic story-telling type of painting. As illustrations of animal life meant to teach the facts of natural history, it would be very difficult to treat these

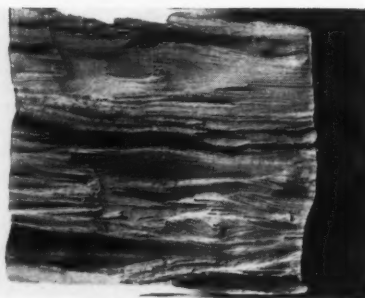
paintings in a nonrealistic or nonobjective style. Modern artists and their critics—better called defenders—may object to the too realistic and photographic way of painting. They argue, why spend laborious hours or weeks or months to paint a realistic picture when modern photography can get it so much quicker and with less effort? Well, if that be the case, let me invite some modern painters and photographers to go out and take camera shots of some beautiful spot in Pennsylvania twenty thousand years ago, and we will wait until an obliging mastodon or mammoth arrives to have his picture taken.

## AN INTERESTING ITEM

OUR honorary curator of stamps, W. L. Alexander, has started to assemble a collection of postal-history material as an added feature of the Museum's stamp collection. Although postage stamps were first used in 1840, the mails had already been in existence in practically every country in the world for centuries. It is intended that the postal-history collection will eventually include letters and postmarked envelopes from all countries from the present time back through the years to the earliest known mails. This project will undoubtedly occupy the curator and his associate for many years to come. We hope that our readers will assist us by rummaging in the attic and contributing old mail and postmarked envelopes to the Museum for this purpose.

The Museum has received two gifts of more than a thousand items of wartime mail, including that of our Civil War period, the Spanish Civil War, World Wars I and II, and the present Korean conflict. They include censored envelopes of many countries, soldiers' mail, prisoner mail, and many other types. These gifts constitute a nucleus that we hope will grow with the years into a representative collection of the mail of all countries and all periods.

In examining the gifts a fascinating letter postmarked "Port Royal, S. C., August 16, 1863," from a Union soldier to his niece in New Hampshire, describing the fighting for the islands off Charlestown harbour, was discovered. The action could



CHIP (3") OFF FLAGSTAFF AT FORT SUMTER  
WHERE FIRING BEGAN IN THE CIVIL WAR  
Carnegie Museum Collection

well have been, in a small way, a military forerunner of the amphibious assaults of World War II. The letter is quoted verbatim, misspellings and all, just as it was written:

LETTER TO MISS MARTHA \_\_\_\_\_  
POSTMARKED "PORT ROYAL, S. C.  
AUGUST 16, 1863"

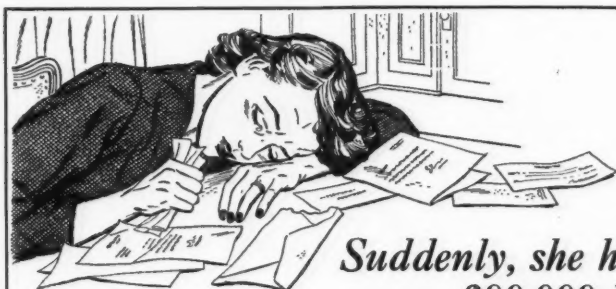
Morris Island August 9th 1863

Dear Niece I take this opportunity to reply to your kind letter wick I duly recived. I was verry happy to learn that you are well. I should have writen to you but did not know were to direct. My oportunities are small for writing. Our first landing at Folly island wick joins this was in June. We came there in the knight landed and layed down in the open air till morning then marched up the beach seven miles and built our camp in the thick woods. For two weeks we worked day and knight building battryes to take this island. Wen they were finished our regiment was ordered to cut a line of bushes wick hid them from the Rebbels. This looked a little rough. This was done at knight. We were close to the reb-

bels. They could hear us but only fired one rifle shot. The next day we layed in the woods with nothing to eat or drink. The knight following our cooks brought some victuals. We layed out that night in the rain. The next day our Battrys opened fire on the rebels. They replied. It rained iron I assure you. After three hours our boys landed, drove the rebels from there guns, took the island except too Battrys nearest fort Sumter. We took horses mules and all there camps. Our regiment marched up the beach within three hundred yards of the forts. They opened on us with grape and shell. The first shot struck just ahead. The next came plowing up the ground through our ranks, wounding three men. Our regiment was then ordered to lay behind some little sand hills. We had no food or water all day. Many got sun struck. The forts fired all day at us. At night we dug intrenchments and layed in them all the next day under a sharp fire from the forts and for eight days they shelled us day and knight. All this time our men worked day and knight building battrys. One great mistake was made by Genrel Strong. He thought he could take fort Waggoner by a charge. Our regiment held the front intrenchments at the time a brigade made the charge. We saw the whole of it just before daylight. They were beaten. Any body would have thought that suficent, but no, on the eighteenth of July, a day long to be remembered by the seventh reg. We made a charge. The fleet fired all day without doing any damage. At night our brigade was ordered forward. One brigade was repulsed just as we came up. We closed in mass then deployed columns from the left of the first company and layed down within one hundred yards of the fort. Just then the first brigade run over us in full retreat. They was poring a

desperate fire of grape and canister an minny balls. Our Col called out attention. Up we sprang then doubele quick on we rushed up to the fort, fired one volley, then rushed through the ditch up to our middle in water. By a baonet charge. The rebels could not stand the pressure but hid. The fort was now in our posesion all but one gun that we could not get at as it had a casemate. Outside were some rifle pits that kept up a constant fire on us. The rebs fired a few guns from there lurking places. Our Col sent back for reinforcements but none came in time. The one hundredth New York came up, mistook us for the rebels and fired in to us, killing many. Death looked inevitable. At last we were ordered to retreat. The chance looked small over an open mash strooded with our fallen companions. I got over the parapet, rushed through the ditch. I was wet, my clothes heavy. I ran slow amid a shower of bulets. I assure you I did not expect to get out of it. I wen on to camp all exhausted. Our loss is very heavy. There is nineteen kiled and wounded and mising out of our company. Our first Lieutenant was wounded, our second Lieur kiled, our orderly Sargent my file leader was kiled and another man by the same charge of grape. The reg lost too hundred and three privates and eighteen officers. William Hill was on guard at the camp at the time of the battle so was out of it. But I shall weary you with such a gloomy recital. Chalston I think will soon fall. Give my love to your mother and father. I think of your folks evry day. I should be pleased to have them write. I want to see my wife and children vey much. Do call as often as you can and see them. You must excuse this poor written letter from your uncle

John —————



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## PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

ARLENE H. DANIELS



LIKE the first robin of spring, the annual International Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art is here again! Sponsored by the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art, the pictures are hanging in the Carnegie Institute Art Galleries from March 14 until April 13. The exhibit is open to the public and may be viewed at the regular hours of the Galleries.

It has been a long road with many a turn since the misty days of time when the returning cave man daubed hieroglyphic pictures on the walls of his cave to express to his family or record for his fellow man his impressions of what he had encountered. This evolved into the art of the brush, and through the Middle Ages into the fine art of painting. In this era, when a record of some formal picnic or family gathering was desired, the painter and his brush were summoned. Every royal court had its court painter whose entire time was spent in such occupation, and thus have come such records as *The Family* by Valázquez, or *In A Bower* by Constable.

Thus it was in the early eighteenth century until science made one of the great discoveries of time, the camera. At first a huge ungainly affair, with tripod and bulky glass plates, it must have discouraged any long hikes in search of unusual pictures, such as we frequently take today with our vest-pocket models. This very fact may account for some of

the fine work by early photographers, as they had more time studiously to observe and make the most of whatever subjects were near at hand.

The trend of painting at this time was to copy nature, and for a time photography imitated the painters. As time went by, photography became more and more an art of expression, and somehow there began a quiet quarrel between the brush and the lens. This "war" has been going on surreptitiously ever since. It is discussed very little in writing, but often in argument.

A successful pictorial print must have some of the ingredients of art, such as center of interest, composition following the principles of balance, beauty of line and delicate gradations of tone. Like the artist, the pictorialist often begins his work with a sketch from which he builds the picture he plans. He may not execute it at once, but may of necessity wait for some particular season, time of day, or the right moment. On the other hand, of course, the picture may be made in a split

second on the spur of the moment.

The painter may be limited all his life to some style, mood, or subject. It is said that Francisco de Goya y Lucientes could not paint a horse, and another of the old masters could not portray the human figure. But the photographer will find delight in expressing a thousand things: the mood of a summer day, the terror of a storm, a way of life; the fragile grace and beauty of a flower, as exemplified in



GRAPES BY DAVID OBEY, JR.





STORM IN THE ROCKIES BY F. L. PURRINGTON

*Poppies* by Gottlieb Hampfler, FPSA, of Kennett Square; or the joy and laughter of a child in *Feliz Idade* by Fernando dos Santos Taborda, of Lisbon, Portugal—pictures to be seen in this Salon.

You may ask "What is pictorial quality?" There are as many answers as there are people who ask. Print quality alone today has advanced away beyond the simple chemistry of corner drugstores—yet print quality alone is not enough. There are the "purists" who hold that a print should be unretouched, and will reject any print with even a suspicion of hand work.

Opposing are the bromoil artists, who with patience and diligence labor with stippling brushes to control contrast, or

perhaps build up a cloud, and those who strive to conceal unwanted distractions to prevent them from stealing interest. The object of all this "hand work" is to subdue the unimportant and to stress the idea the maker had in mind. All this is perfectly legitimate but, like the little boy in the watermelon patch, it should not be too obvious.

Many complicated methods appear in the Salon: the carbon process, bromoil, paper negative, toning in browns to express warmth and in green or blue to emphasize an idea of coldness, such as snow scenes.

Serving as judges, this year's Salon had John R. Hogan, FPSA, FRPS, of Philadelphia, who is noted for his pictures of marine subjects; Carl Mansfield, FPSA and master photographer, of Bloomingdale, Ohio, who does outstanding human interest pictures, especially of boys of the Tom Sawyer type; and F. Ross Altwater, FPSA, FRPS, of Pittsburgh, well known in the photographic world for his fine studies of mill scenes and murals.

No actual prizes are given by the Photographic Section in either black and white

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Mrs. Daniels has been a member of the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art for more than ten years. She formerly took travel and educational pictures for various agencies, among them Travel Pictures, Inc., and did some lecturing, but the past few years photography has been just one of a number of her hobbies. She is a member of the Natural Color Camera Club of Pittsburgh, the Photographic Society of America, and the Amateur Cinema League of the United States.

or color, the sole honor in black and white being selection for hanging.

Four prints made by each of the judges will be hung in addition to the 290 prints selected from a total of 1,081 submitted, 800 being from every corner of the United States and 281 from foreign countries. Eighteen of the prints placed were by Pittsburghers.

The task of the judges was not an easy one. Diversified subjects comprise a show and they differ from year to year. For instance, not so long ago it was the "angle shot." Always there are some abstracts, and one year the show ran to boats. This year an unusual number of fog and mood pictures appeared.

Reproduced here is *Enchanted Morning* by David A. Murray, of East Orange, N. J. Its judicious arrangement of composition, the feathery foliage, the silvery light and the peaceful atmosphere will delight many. *Grapes* by David Obey, Jr., of Bellevue, Ohio, is a beautiful example of "high-key" work. Many take a desultory interest in this artistic phase of photography and pass it by with a lofty "it's only a trick of over-



ENCHANTED MORNING BY DAVID A. MURRAY

exposure," but true high key is much, much more, and not quite so simple. In this picture the center of interest is unquestionably the grapes, and observed closely the work here is exquisite, portraying the texture of the fruit so perfectly that the bloom on the grapes appears quite real. *Storm in the Rockies* by F. L. Purrington, of Wheaton, Illinois, is a type of picture which must have exceptional points to make a Salon, as generally speaking judges are somewhat severe on anything in the way of landscapes. This work has unusual mood, great depth, and over all is very well done. *The Tide Rolls In*, a marine by



THE TIDE ROLLS IN BY CHARLES L. WILSON

Charles L. Wilson, of San Diego, California, is quite nice. Although the scope is great, the maker was able to portray tremendous force and beautiful movement of the water.

Color transparencies are also a part of this Salon. Approximately 800 slides were submitted. Of these, 195 were accepted and were exhibited to the public two Sunday afternoons in March in Carnegie Lecture Hall.

For this division, a special jury of judges served. They were Dan V. Mischler, of Smithville, Ohio; Paul J. Wolfe, of Butler, Pennsylvania; and James L. Dixon, of Pittsburgh.

First place was awarded to *Necklaces* by Art F. Shea, of Dayton, Ohio; second place, *In An Old Frame* by Arthur W. Papke, of Western Springs, Illinois; third place, *Ballerina in Repose* by E. E. Amsden, of Toronto, Canada. Five honorable mentions were chosen, as follows: *Dusty Corner*, by M. A. Chantler, New Toronto, Canada; *Study* by Joe E. Kennedy, Tulsa, Oklahoma; *California Strawberries in a Basket* by James Lee Kirkland, Chicago, Illinois; *Operation Augur* by Arthur W. Papke, West-

ern Springs, Illinois; and *The Ramparts* by Vernard V. Purves, Glendale, California.

In many ways the task of the worker in color is greater than in black and white. The range of color film is much narrower and after the shutter is pressed no further control is possible. In addition to the usual difficulties of photography, color composition must also be considered, which in itself can become quite involved. But color is not enough to make a good slide. The trend is more and more toward technical perfection and pictorial excellence. Visit the Salon and forget your troubles; here you will find beautiful landscapes, kittens, puppies and children, fields of snow, boats on tranquil waters, cool forests—in short, all the good things of life pictorially portrayed.

#### LOCAL POPULAR PRIZE

**F**RANCIS R. MADDEN's first entry with the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh show, *All Aboard*, academic in style with warm human interest, won the 1952 popular prize of \$100 given by School of Design Alumnae in memory of Martin Leisser.

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## STUDY IN RED AND WHITE

VAUGHAN GARWOOD

A MAN whose own contemporaries saw him larger than life is liable to still further magnification in the eyes of posterity. Witness the folk heroes of the last American frontier. To many heirs of the twentieth century, both here and abroad, the West with a capital W begins with Colonel William F. Cody, known to fame as Buffalo Bill, and that ill-starred general whose sorry Battle of the Little Big Horn is enshrined in legend under the name of "Custer's Last Stand." The half-century just preceding their heyday figures prominently in the history books but shrinks to less than footnote dimensions in dime novels, funny papers, and the more elaborate present-day means of popular edification. Whether this near-oblivion is merited or not, visitors to the BEAVER, BISON, AND BATTLE exhibition at Carnegie Museum between April 6 and 27 may judge for themselves on eyewitness evidence furnished by the Baltimorean Alfred Jacob Miller, foremost painter of a West that was really wild.

As a boy, Miller had repeatedly incurred the ire of an outraged schoolmaster by filling his copybook with unambiguous caricatures of everybody in the classroom, including the master himself. His later studies in Rome and in Paris, where he claimed the distinction of being the first American allowed to copy paintings in the Louvre, gave him the technical mastery needed to complement a strong native talent. The coincidence that water color was just beginning to be taken seriously by

exponents of the emerging Romantic movement during his student days abroad had a decisive influence on his work as a mature artist.

Miller was twenty-seven when he began his exploration of the so-called Oregon Country in the spring of 1837. The occasion was the departure of John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company's trading party from St. Louis for the annual rendezvous at Fort Laramie, where fire-water, shooting sticks, and other benefits of civilization were bartered with the Indians for beaver pelts and buffalo hides. Commanding the 1837 caravan was Captain William Stewart, big-game hunter and veteran of earlier ventures into Indian territory, who engaged Miller as artist to the expedition and later adorned his ancestral castle in Scotland with oils painted by Miller from on-the-spot sketches made during the journey. This nineteenth-century equivalent of today's field photographer had already been adopted earlier in the same decade, when the Swiss painter Karl Bodmer accompanied Prince Maximilian up the Missouri and Eugène Delacroix went with Count Mornay to Algiers. Although the assignment was simply to make a factual record, there were those—like Miller—who went considerably beyond it.

In the year and a half he spent trekking from wilderness to wilderness with the collectors of pelts, the young painter accumulated more than three hundred life sketches and a fat volume of pungent and



IROQUOIS INDIAN

Miller wrote that by 1837 this powerful tribe had dwindled to a mere shadow. "During the war between the French and English," he said, ".....each of these parties made every effort to engage this tribe as an ally."

perceptive notes. By 1842 the bottom had dropped out of the fur market, covered wagons instead of traders' caravans were straggling across the prairie, and Miller was back in Baltimore hanging out his shingle as a portrait painter. But the makings of his posthumous fame were in the portfolios he brought back from the Indian country. The hundreds of commissioned likenesses that constituted a major oeuvre at the time have since been thrown into almost total eclipse by his studio versions of Western scenes and people—a hundred-odd oils and more than twice that many water colors, including the W. T. Walters collection of two hundred, from which the forty-three in the current exhibition were selected.

As presented in Room 7 on the first



THE BRAVADO

Some Plains tribes liked to tantalize a wounded buffalo with mock attacks. Miller says, "They keep up this 'fun' until the poor creature is nearly exhausted, and then dispatch him. It is this pluck of the buffalo that commands the admiration of the savage; he will fight until he cannot stand on his feet."

floor of the Museum (where recently the Heinz ivories have been displayed), Miller's paintings—captioned by the artist himself in excerpts taken from his notebook—form the nucleus of an exhibit epitomizing the encounter of two worlds on the Great Plains between the Mississippi and the Rockies. The Museum's section of man, under the direction of James L. Swauger, curator, has chosen from its large collection of Americana materials representing both red men and white to bring out the contrasts shown in the paintings. At one side of the room are examples of clothing, tools, and methods of transportation used by the trader and trapper, with their Indian counterparts opposite, and other mementoes of aboriginal culture completing the display. The water colors themselves offer a full cross section in time



MEDICINE CIRCLES

Trappers and mountain voyageurs believed these circles of buffalo skulls were magic made by the Indians to attract buffalo herds. Some old-timers in the Plains country reported seeing similar circles of human skulls—purpose unknown.



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and space. Indians as individuals; Indians as tribesmen, on the warpath, out hunting, at home playing family games; traders and trappers, hired and free-lance; plains, mountains, and rivers seen through a city-dweller's eyes—all are comprised in Miller's panoramic view.

The epoch he recorded was a short-lived one. Between the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and the discovery of gold at Sutter's Fort in 1848 occurred one complete cycle of territorial expansion according to the classic pattern in which the business man blazes the trail for the scientific explorer and the settler. Miller caught the first phase on its way out and helped to usher in the second. Armed conflict between white and red men continued until long afterward, but by the time he arrived the outcome was a foregone conclusion. To the offspring of transplanted Europeans, land was something to have and to hold. To the nomadic Plains tribes it was space to move about in and pasture for the buffalo that provided the mainstay of Indian life. The collision of cultures had begun with DeSoto and Coronado in the sixteenth century. French and British episodes had followed, and now the Americans moved in for the decision.

Miller's distinction as a painter depends in large part upon the fortunate timing that enabled him to witness a critical era just before its disappearance. His were the only pictorial records ever made of Fort Laramie, built by the American Fur Company on the Oregon Trail eight hundred miles from what was then the last outpost of civilization, now known as Kansas City. Many other aspects of the pre-industrial, pre-gold rush, pre-cowboy West were depicted with authenticity by his brush alone. Unlike most of his generation, he studied his Indians firsthand—anachronisms in a white man's world, brave, crafty, savage, and moribund. The water color in which his best work was done combines the immediacy of a news bulletin with the nostalgia of the far and lost, until Miller

the documentor becomes Miller the obituarist of the vanquished whose dreams henceforth forever must be cast in a mold made by a stranger.

More than a hundred years ago when the scenes shown in *BEAVER, BISON, AND BATTLE* were commonplaces of Western life, the white man's double-edged technology was already casting its big black shadow before it. By the time the Americans arrived, the Plains tribes had abandoned the art of bead-making in favor of machine products introduced by French and British traders. The reservation and the mass production of Indian artifacts for tourists were in the offing, and before the century had run three-quarters of its course an iron horse on rails was shuttling across the wilderness where the prairie bison, having suffered the minor indignity of being misnamed a buffalo, narrowly escaped extermination at the hands of the new settlers.

The Indians, retreating before the march of progress, fell back into ever smaller corners of the continent that had once been theirs alone. For our most vivid record of their last days as sovereign tribesmen we have to thank a reporter who was also, to his own generation and to those that have followed, an artist.

#### "MISERY AND WAR"

[Continued from page 116]

autres." He thus reminds us with far reaching force why Christ hangs on the Cross, and heralds the joy of Easter.

Although these prints are varied in specific application, ranging from the rich to the poor, touching every aspect of life, in all the artist has emphasized the helplessness of man, bared in mind and body, through his poverty of spirit and lack of humility. But he is also pleading for mercy for us, and this he makes clear on the title page of *Miserere* where his legend reads: "Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam." The word "miserere" is used in French to indicate the fifty-first Psalm, which seems in all its parts to have inspired this magnificent work as much as any written text of his friend Suarès. This series, expressed with all the intensity of the religious conviction of the Middle Ages, is especially fitting to be shown on exhibition at this season.

Miss Garwood has been staff writer at the Museum since last spring, coming from Harrisburg where she was with the State Council of Civil Defense. A graduate of the University of Colorado in her native state, she spent three years in New York City doing public-opinion surveys and later served with the Office of War Information in London.



YOUNG FLIGHTLESS CORMORANTS ON THE NEST

A FAIR sailing breeze hurried us into Academy Bay on Santa Cruz Island. Towering half a mile above, bathed in *garua*, was the central crater. The little village of two hundred inhabitants proved to be a cosmopolis—there were fifty German, Swiss, and Norwegian immigrants. Two Americans, Bud and Doris Devine, were expecting us. Through Bud's ham radio we made our only contact with the United States.

The European group was composed of some members of the disillusioned Norwegian immigration of 1927 and others seeking refuge from the trying times preceding the last war. Bud and Doris had suffered from wanderlust. Now they, and the others, were all busy, comfortable, and happy. No one wished to leave.

We felt that our mission to Santa Cruz was the zenith of the voyage. We wanted to see and photograph the giant *galápagos* once found on all of the islands. We had hoped to accomplish this with the aid of the Norwegian family of Kastdahlns who lived high on the misty slope of the cone. They received and entertained us joyfully and generously for two days but could not help. We were greatly impressed by the intelligence and industry of the twenty-two-year-old son, Alf. He had a great desire to own a blooded bull calf by which

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Dr. Eisaman serves on the staff of the Elizabeth Steel Magee Hospital and is associate professor of obstetrics at the University of Pittsburgh. His favorite hobby is travel during vacations to out-of-the-way places, preferably involving considerable physical hardship. His friends, sitting in comfort in Pittsburgh, enjoy the photographs and reports of adventure he brings home.

## OPERATION "CLINKERS"

JOSIAH R. EISAMAN

*This month Dr. Eisaman concludes his report on the Galápagos Islands or "Ash Heap of the Pacific," which he visited last summer as one of the crew of seven aboard the "Arthur Rogers," a seventy-foot British ketch.*

he could improve the inbred wild cattle. "Fisheyes" Masland is now trying to bring this to pass.

Through a good German friend, Karl Angermier, we secured the guidance of a little Ecuadorian, Cesare Moncayo. Señora Moncayo, his mouthpiece, asked what she thought was a pound of flesh for his services by demanding fifty sucres a day, about four dollars.

Early in the morning the safari began. The column consisted of Moncayo and son, three burros, six dogs and seven sea-going dudes. Owing to the ruthless slaughter of the tortoises during buccaneering and whaling days, the defenseless creatures had withdrawn to comparative safety in the higher, more moist, more verdant parts of the island. They had been killed for meat and oil. The turtles also offered an emergency source of water found in their anatomical reservoirs and said by Commodore Porter to be "sweet and fresh." Sailing vessels piled them on deck, allowed opportunity for their stomachs and intestines to empty, then stowed them below for fresh meat and fat for months to come. Two British ships captured by Porter carried eight hundred tortoises.

Charles Haskins Townsend, of the New York Aquarium, after perusal of whalers' log books, estimated that two hundred thousand tortoises were removed from the islands in thirty years. How many had been taken before that is unknown.

Gourmets who had indulged in the "Galápagos mutton" wrote: "Their meat is so sweet that no pullet eats more pleasantly"; "Oil from the tortoise is not inferior to fresh butter and is superior to that of the olive," and "The fat is enjoyed

by the men with their 'doughboys.' "Flesh and oil were both preventive and curative for scurvy.

Distance in the islands is estimated in hours not miles, but our first day's travel was recorded as eighteen miles by pedometer. The first hours were over the sterile rough lava zone on which grew only cactus and leafless *bursera* bushes. As we ascended, the undergrowth became impenetrable without the use of machetes.

The monotony was often broken by the baying of the dogs when they jumped a wild hog, followed by the fading squeals of the porker as the hounds closed in for the kill. At least twelve wild hogs suffered such a fate. No one showed remorse for the destruction of the beasts because of the great havoc they wreak on tortoise nests and young. In fact, unless predators are exterminated the tortoise will very soon join the dodo bird for, according to Rollo Howard Beck, chief of the California Academy of Sciences expedition which visited the Islands in 1905-6, only one in ten thousand hatchlings reaches maturity.

We carefully avoided lava pits and sinkholes. The vegetation became more luxuriant as we slogged through swamps on which floated a pretty red alga. Our five-gallon supply of drinking water was cer-

tainly inadequate. That night while camping in the cold mist, water was plentiful—in our clothing and in the atmosphere.

Morning found us on the spoor of the tortoise. The three-foot swathe of closely cropped grass and vegetable fiber droppings were unmistakable. Some of the trails led to water holes. Of a sudden Moncayo pointed to a great black shell almost concealed by vegetation. It was inconceivable that such a giant was still on earth. It looked like a large lava boulder. Approached from the rear he did not hear us, but when we confronted him the serpentine head and elephantine legs were retracted with an audible hiss. By "Bilge" Woodin's professional measurements (in a straight line, not over the curve) of the carapace—49 inches—this was the largest specimen we found. From our combined efforts to lift the chelonian we estimated his weight to be five hundred pounds. One might doubt that a newly-hatched tortoise that measured two and a half inches and weighed two and a half ounces could attain such massive proportions. Commodore Porter reported a huge specimen that measured five and a half feet in length. The larger animals could be carried only by six to eight men, according to Darwin, and provided two hundred pounds of meat. He said that they were fond of drinking water, traveled sixty yards in ten minutes (four miles a day) and were absolutely deaf, although when mating the male had a hoarse bellow. He also added that the oil hunter assayed their fat content by making an incision above the



"FISHEYES" PICKED A FLAMINGO OUT OF THE AIR. THE WRITER WITH TWO GIANT SEA TURTLES



SPECTACULAR LAVA FORMATION ON  
BARTHOLOMEW ISLAND

tail. If unsatisfactory the tortoise was freed and quickly recovered.

We hoped to find a herd of tortoise on the lush pampa, but two were the greatest number found together. They were being refreshed in a small water-filled crater. In the course of the morning we found, photographed, and measured fourteen of the giants. We felt that we had "out-beebied" Beebe. In 1923 he found but one small tortoise and that one on Duncan Island.

After a supper of wild pork we bedded down for another cold damp night. At dawn we were on the return march to Academy Bay. News that a physician was in the islands had spread. Several consultations were waiting my return. cursory review of Galápagos vital statistics offered by the *nativos* gave evidence that a public health officer would atrophy here. Nearly all deaths were due to violence. There was not even an *Anopheles* mosquito to transmit

the ever-dread malaria.

Sullivan Bay, separating Bartholomew and San Salvador Islands, was our next anchorage. A towering spike of lava and clear turquoise-colored craters, barely submerged, guarded the entrance. Bartholomew, only a mile in diameter and not worthy of a Spanish name, was explored first. Numerous small craters, congealed cataracts of ropy lava, and large volcanic blisters that rang like metal when tramped over gave proof of a recent eruption. Little erosion had taken place. It was certainly a tortured landscape. A few scattered club-like cacti and sparse moss were the only flora. Large multicolored grasshoppers and a few black lava lizards appeared to be the only animal life.

San Salvador affords no habitation but it is visited by native fishermen to procure salt found in one of the craters. On this island, Commodore Porter of the U.S.S. *Essex* reports a regrettable incident in 1813. Lieutenant John S. Cowan, a promising young naval officer, was shot to death in a duel. Here we found our only snakes—two small harmless racer-like reptiles, our first "spitting" lizard (the world's only marine iguana), and a large flock of flamingos. The graceful birds were found in a shallow lagoon. In taking flight one of them was caught when



A DEEP BLISTER IN ONCE MOLTEN LAVA BURST HERE

it crashed into "Fish-eyes," who was concealed in the underbrush.

In the narrow strait between Isabela and Fernandina Islands lies Tagus Cove, crossroads of the Galápagos. This peaceful bay on Isabela has sheltered generations of whalers, tuna fishermen, and wealthy yachtsmen. Their names are registered in large white letters on the rocky cliffs, some of which are accessible only by a boatswain's

chair. Time has effaced many of the names but *Vagabondia*, Pittsburgh (owned by the late W. L. Mellon), *Nourmahal* (Astor), and *Corsair* (Morgan) remain distinct. The *Arthur Rogers* soon joined the famous group.

Isabela, largest island of the archipelago, was formed by the merger of five great lava flows. The largest of the volcanic peaks rises to a height of five thousand feet. One of these was active in 1948.

At Tagus, almost on the equator, we met the little Galápagos penguins. They were commonly found with the flightless cormorant, which lives only in the Galápagos. Beebe thought that this bird was almost extinct in 1923. However, we found many of them. The cormorants were ludicrous as they hopped over the guano-splashed rocks with both feet and a feeble flop of their rudimentary wings, but in the water their technique was superb. They were so fearless that we had a barefisted boxing match with two nesting birds, taking care, of course, to dodge the thrusts of their long sharp bills.

Penguins, cormorants, red crabs, and large sleeping marine iguanas lived in close proximity. Large numbers of pelicans and frigate birds soared about the fishboat *Penguin*, snatching refuse from the water or stealing it from each other in the air.

Our largest marine iguana (43½ inches) was captured in the Cove. Because of her very obvious state of expectant motherhood, she was named "Nausea" and assigned to



A SWARM OF MARINE IGUANAS, DARWIN'S "IMPS OF DARKNESS"

my service. (In spite of her appearance she failed to lay any eggs while under my care.) She was a beautiful "spitting" lizard but as hideous as any dragon when, in her excitement, two streams of vapor were emitted from her nostrils. Her tawny brown body was adorned by an erect gray crest from the scaly brow to the tip of the long rudder-like tail. The fierce mien of the marine iguana is contradicted by its disposition for, unlike its terrestrial cousin, it is not vicious but a very docile creature.

Through the narrow channel between Isabela and Fernandina flows a swift and mighty current. In this spot navigators have had dire experiences with active volcanos on the islands. Sailing toward massive Fernandina whose sides are scarred by many lava flows, the story of Captain Benjamin Morrell of the *Tartar* was recalled. Anchored here in a calm, he witnessed a terrifying explosion of the giant cone. While he prayed for "a cap-full of wind" the temperature of the air was recorded at 147 degrees Fahrenheit and that of the water 150 degrees. Even though the *Tartar* was anchored ten miles from the inferno, "the heat was so great that the melted pitch was running from the vessel's seams and the tar dropping from the rigging."

Fernandina, parched and creviced, is a paradise for vulcanologists and naturalists. The symmetrical cone rises abruptly to forty-eight hundred feet, and within the



crater, fifteen hundred feet below the rim, are two small lakes seen by Beck in 1906. The blackest, roughest, and most fissured lava fields that we had seen formed a wide base for the cone. The area was devoid of vegetation except for mangrove thickets about the shore. Tidal pools indented the shore line. Within these shallow, clear, azure pools were many sea lions, beautiful fish, and an occasional ray or octopus. In one pool four submerged large sea turtles, their dark outlines silhouetted against the sand bottom, moved slowly about. The temptation of turtle steak drove five of us into the pool. With one of us hanging to each appendage, one great beast was turned over and beached, while vigorously disproving the belief that they are helpless when on their backs. Another one was taken by a similar scrimmage and returned to sea, merely for excitement.

Heretofore, marine iguanas, Darwin's "little imps of darkness," had been found singly, and we were almost frightened to encounter hordes of them crowded on the rocks, moving up and down with the ebb and flow of the tide. Their color was so accurately blended with the lava that individuals were scarcely noticed until they scampered over the rocks. Eight of these animals were captured and sent to various institutions in the United States; one pair was shipped to Pittsburgh, the male of which died after a few days at the Zoo. The female, however, survived until March 10 at Carnegie Museum, thanks perhaps to Neil D. Richmond's success in persuading

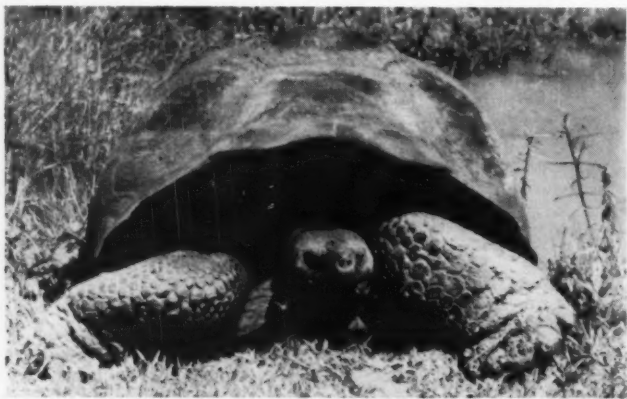
her to eat, thereby establishing a new American record of 214 days for a marine iguana in captivity.

We left this awesome spot with regret. One more island, Genovesa, was to be visited. Arriving at that low crescentic bit of lava, the remnant of a partially submerged crater, we were disappointed to find a heavy sea breaking through the channel. The ledge about Genovesa is a renowned bird sanctuary, but as entrance was hazardous and delay undesirable, our ornithological adventure was given up.

With the tiller lashed, the watch asleep on the deck and running lights showing (a dirty lantern hung on the forestay if not forgotten), we flew ahead of the south-west trade winds for three days. What a difference it was from bucking them! A sharp crack, a crash of glass, and flapping of canvas told us that the forestay had parted one night. It might have been caused by the owl that perched there a few nights back.

By day we were subject to ennui. Who cared if we had crossed the equator six times? Food, water, and equipment were all expendable. Even "Fisheyes" trousers, being laundered in the sea at the end of a rope, were prey for a shark. Most of the spoons and plates and part of the coffee pot had gone over the side in dish water. We were fishing only for meat. Blunt-headed fish, confusingly called dolphin, took a bit of tin foil as readily as our best feathers, but not readily enough.

[Turn to page 138]



THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS ARE NAMED FOR THE GRANDPARENTS OF THIS FOUR-FOOT, FOUR-HUNDRED-POUND PATRIARCH



## PARADISE ACHIEVED

A review of "Return to Paradise" by James A. Michener

SOLOMON B. FREEHOF



SPECULATIVE biologists used to believe, and some still say so, that physically we relive the history of the race. They speak of unborn infants going through the various levels of animal evolution, stage by stage. Whether or not this is still considered an approved concept in biology, it is still an attractive idea that each individual relives the physical history of the race.

Carl Jung, the Swiss voyageur in the sea of the subconscious, says of the human psyche what biologists have said of the human body: namely, that the human mind goes through the mental history of the race, and that the past dreams of mankind and the past superstitions, the past totems and taboos are all in us. We are animated museums of anthropology. We carry the mental history of mankind with us as we walk through our brief biography. An illustration that would appeal to Jung can be derived from Sacred Scripture. The Bible in its very first chapter describes a scene which has recorded itself on the human mind for countless centuries. There is, first, darkness. The darkness splits and a ray of light shines forth. The chaos rolls back like a fog and the earth appears. The ocean retreats and the mud begins to dry, and on the drying mud of the primordial earth the Great Artist plants a garden, a garden of beauty, a garden of peace, a garden where all the animals are in accord and the fruits are already ripe. There man is born in adult perfection. It is a perfect world of peace, beauty, fragrance, splendor. But then from that glory we are suddenly expelled. The gates of radiance clang shut behind us, and we now live by the sweat of our brows in a half-desert land of thorns and thistles. This is one of the oldest pictures recorded upon the memory of the race.

Every great religion creates a picture of such perfection and then moves it from the past to the future. Beyond the thorns and

thistles of earthly life there is a beauty that is to come, that "promised land where all is peace." For the future perfection we use the Persian-Hebraic word "paradise," which means a garden. We have lost the garden at the beginning, but after the storms of life and beyond the Jordan, we will come to the paradise again.

Yet while we are within the short span of our earthly life, we still seek that ancient garden somewhere on earth.

A happy marriage which crowns the enchantment of love is described as a re-discovery of earthly paradise. In a Christian church when a couple comes to be married, the music may play, *The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden*. In the old Hebrew blessing over the couple being married we speak of God "Who causeth thee to rejoice as in the Garden of Eden."

As we seek the lost Eden in our memories of childhood, in the splendors of young love, so do we also seek the garden of perfection in geography, in place instead of in time.

The Englishman, on his fogbound island where the price of eternal verdure is ceaseless rain, dreams of the Riviera. The German poet dreams of Italy, the land of eternal Maytime. One such dream of paradise was introduced into the human consciousness by New England whalers. Coming back after perhaps a two-year journey in the icy waters of the Antarctic Sea in pursuit of the sperm whale, they found the Polynesian Islands, those sunlit atolls, those light-skinned, peaceful, gentle people. When they returned to cold New England, to the "stern and rockbound coast," they brought with them an unforgettable dream of an earthly paradise.

Since that time that dream has been pursued usually by intellectuals, by painters like Gauguin, novelists like Stevenson and James Norman Hall, in an earlier day, Herman Melville. In recent years a million American boys have seen that paradise at close hand. They saw it from airplanes through the bomb bay. They saw it from

battleships; they saw it from landing crafts; they saw it while crawling through the jungle toward howling Japanese soldiers; they saw it from the bed of pain and in the wild dreams of malaria. To half a million American boys the paradise was a purgatory. Yet a dream can persist in spite of reality; and many of them must have thought: "We saw the islands under a storm. This is not the way they really are. If we could only see these warm and comfortable places in peacetime, without sergeants, without mud, and without Japanese, that will really be heaven." One American who was there before, who was an aviator during the war and who wrote about it before, decides to go back and write about it again.

James Michener's first book was called *Tales of the South Pacific*, from which the successful musical play *South Pacific* derived its theme. Now he comes back to see how it looks without airplanes or warships. He is now going to find paradise again, and he calls his book *Return to Paradise*. The title is an echo of Milton. Milton spoke of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. This is *Return to Paradise*.

Michener uses an unusual type of construction in the book; a sort of a literary layer cake. There is a level of essay and a level of fiction, another level of essay, and another level of fiction, and so on through the book. He goes to every prominent place in the South Pacific, describes it first in an essay and then tells a story about it. As he puts it, "First I talk about the islands and then the islands talk back to me and tell their story."

There is a curious difference in mood between each essay and the corresponding story. The essay is pessimistic, but the story generally has a happy ending. The essays are powerful in their description, beginning with the Polynesian islands, then Fiji, New Zealand, Guadalcanal, New Guinea. Each one of them is vividly and realistically described. The power of untamed nature, the contest between races, the fears of the future, and the pleasures of the present all are there. The stories have the same realistic background except that in the plot he is addicted, as if at the mandate of some editor of a popular magazine, to end almost every story with a smile. He concludes the entire book with

a discussion of what he considers to be the essential question.

How much of a paradise for us Americans is this last earthly paradise? Michener says, as far as he himself is concerned, and his wife, he could live on an atoll for a year and like it too, but for a longer time life would be a burden because of the loneliness, the lack of the amenities of civilization, the various horrible diseases that are there, ocean water that you cannot safely bathe in because of the coral, and all sorts of other physical difficulties. He does not think it is a place for white men, and incidentally it is quite expensive. But what remains is a definite attraction that is beyond easy explanation. Perhaps it is the majestic power of nature. He says that you can never really feel the tremendous power of natural forces until you are on an atoll close to sea level and watch the mighty, tempestuous waves breaking up against the coral. Then you know your true place, your true littleness in the world.

He says it is no wonder that the greatest sea stories came from the islands of the South Seas: those by Conrad, Melville, and Hall. Once they had lived on an atoll, had felt the impact of those mighty waves and seen the last trees uprooted in a hurricane, the great sea stories were written in their hearts. Thus have these little atolls left their impact on a great portion of world literature. The greatest American novel was not written in Boston, nor in New York, but in a South Seas setting: Melville's *Moby Dick*.

The atolls stir the creative power of artists, but from the point of view of ordinary human living the islands have become for the United States one of its

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Dr. Freehof has been rabbi of Rodef Shalom Congregation for the past eighteen years and is much sought after as a speaker throughout the community. The phrase, "Rodef Shalom" is Hebrew for "Seekers of Peace."

Born in London, Dr. Freehof received his rabbinical training at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati and taught there for a time before becoming rabbi at K.A.M. Temple in Chicago. In Pittsburgh he is recognized as leader of the city's Reform Jewry.

This article is the fourth in *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* this season to be derived from Dr. Freehof's annual public series of reviews of current best-sellers. He is himself author of a number of books, the most recent being *Preface to Scripture* and *In the House of the Lord*.

growing problems because of the increasing race tensions—the Hindus in Fiji, the Chinese all over the islands, and so on. The mainland of Asia, with its teeming millions, has discovered the islands and is beginning to sweep over them with its human flood. It is now a grave race problem for us. America is now meeting Asia on the islands. It is in the islands that we will learn how to meet Asia in justice and perhaps discover how to get along using the arts of peace. The islands have changed. They are no longer a paradise; they are a problem. They are not repose; they are a challenge to action. That seems to be the essential message of the book.

What would Carl Jung, the psychoanalyst, think of this book with its description of paradise, its search for paradise, and its disappointment in paradise? He would say, "Yes, the persistent quest of men for these islands of the blessed reveals the presence in human consciousness of the old dream of earthly perfection." I believe he would add that not every dream is a blessing. Some dreams are nightmarish. Perhaps it is a foolhardy quest to look on earth for earthly perfection. It is not there. It is even wrong to look for it in your own biography. It never was there. There is no perfection in human life except perhaps for a fleeting radiance of young love. Therefore, Jung would say that dream in your consciousness is a pathetic old race dream. It is one of the dreams that you should not pursue. Wake up from it; it is unsafe.

If Jung would say that, he would agree with the essential philosophy of the ancient classic Greeks. Ancient classic Greeks also dreamed of an earthly perfection, the golden age when the gods walked on earth. But the Greeks were sane enough to lock that up in the past. The golden age is in the faraway yesterday. We live now in the iron age. The myths and the dreams cannot bring back the golden age of long ago. As a matter of fact, if one understands the scriptural story correctly, that same awakening from old dreams is essential in the scriptural story. The scriptural account of the earthly paradise is not complete with a description of the vanished splendors of Eden. The story continues that we are driven out of Paradise. The gates are closed and an angel with a flaming sword guards against our return.

Thus the Bible agrees, then, with the Greeks, that the golden age is gone. It is forever past.

Yet that is only half of the biblical philosophy. It is also a fact that in later biblical history this dream of earthly perfection returns. However, it is not told in a story of the creation of the world, in mystic language of light and darkness and chaos and abysses. It is now described by those mighty social philosophers, the prophets. Isaiah really returns to a Garden of Eden in his writing: "Behold there shall come a day. Men shall beat their swords into plowshares. The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God. The lion shall lie down with the lamb. And the little child shall lead them." There is paradise! But where is it? Not any longer in the past, but in the future. And it is not necessarily in the individual life, but in the life of mankind. The complete biblical philosophy of Eden is to close up the paradise of the dreams of yesterday and to open the paradise in the vision of tomorrow.

The social philosophy of Scripture dwells in the theme of the earthly paradise. It bids us convert the picture of Eden from a dream into a vision and project it from the past into the future. Work and hope. Alleviate sickness and console poverty and bring harmony between the hostile factions of mankind. If you work at that long enough and labor with hope, you will have on earth the Eden which you yourself have built. We do not speak of Eden rediscovered or Paradise regained, but of an earthly paradise achieved. Essentially, perhaps without realizing it fully, this biblical social philosophy is in Michener's mind. The Islands of the Pacific are no longer a dream of paradise. They are full of race tensions and poverty. They represent to America a challenge and a task.

#### DINOSAUR DOUBLE-TALK

Now on sale for 5c

An illustrated booklet  
explaining technical terminology  
in Dinosaur Hall.

## Among Our Friends

THE A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust has made a second payment for renewal of the Pittsburgh International Exhibition of Paintings at Carnegie Institute for 1950, 1952, and 1954, in the amount of \$75,000.

Further in preparation for the International comes a gift of \$300 from the Garden Club of Allegheny County for the Garden Club Prize to be awarded in the International next autumn.

The Howard Heinz Endowment has made a second grant in the amount of \$12,500 for part of the work of the fourth year in the Division of Education at the Institute.

The Museum has received a number of contributions. From the Wherrett Memorial Fund of The Pittsburgh Foundation has come a second grant, in the amount of \$5,000, to support exhibits, equipment, and publications for a planning program of service.

The Richard King Mellon Foundation has given \$5,000 for further work in the Hall of North American Mammals.

The George H. and Anne L. Clapp Charitable and Educational Fund has contributed \$2,000 for the Museum.

The Childs Frick Rehabilitation Fund of the Museum has received \$1,000 from Mr. Frick.

A new "Museum Angel" has been added: William Block has given \$100.

The sum of \$575 has been contributed by a group of friends toward the painting of a portrait of O. E. Jennings, director emeritus of the Museum. These include Frederick G. Blackburn, Howard N. Eavenson, James C. Rea, and Lawrence C. Woods, Jr.

Alice F. Cowan has given \$50 for photographic use in the Museum.

A gift of \$50 has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. McClintic, Jr., in memory of William S. Moorhead.

Income from the estate of Anna R. D. Gillespie has come to Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh amounting to \$1,939 for operating revenue and \$774 for endowment.

Mrs. Clifford S. Heinz and Miss Henrietta D. Heinz have each given \$20 to Car-

negie Library for the purchase of books of poetry in memory of Mrs. Charlotte E. McCain.

The Friends of the Music Library announces a list of forty-three members who have contributed \$10 or more and of thirty-six members who have given between \$5 and \$10.

The Pittsburgh branch of Fashion Group, Inc., has given \$500 each year for three consecutive years to the art division of the Library to purchase the rare and expensive books on the subject of costume which the Library would otherwise be unable to buy. They hope to establish one of the outstanding fashion-book collections in the country. So far, forty-four books or sets of books have been added.

### OPERATION "CLINKERS"

[Continued from page 134]

The islands were nine days behind us when we sighted the verdant Perlas Islands. We were cheered by the sight of the little banana boats. Another night's sail and we were lying off Balboa awaiting inspection and permission to enter the harbor.

Back in the "Ash Heap," tortoise, sea lions, iguana, and birds have survived another raid by the white man who shoots only with a camera.

[As this goes to press, Dr. Eisaman has received word from "Fisheyes" Masland that he has succeeded in delivering a 420-pound bull calf to Alf Kastdahn on Santa Cruz Island. This will make possible the improvement of the inbred wild cattle there, referred to on page 130.]

### Art and Nature Shop

HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN RATTLE  
HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN TAPI (12")

Two new sets containing  
materials, patterns, instructions  
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**STAINLESS STATUE.** In the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown stands this 20-foot statue of Sun Yat-sen, renowned scholar and first president of the Chinese Republic. Head, hands and pedestal of the statue are of rose granite, but for the statesman's flowing robes, the sculptor, Beniamino Bufano, used Stainless Steel. After 14 years, time and weather have left no marks on the shining metal. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.



U N I T E D S T A T E S S T E E L



## THE NATURALIST'S BOOKSHELF

M. GRAHAM NETTING

*Assistant Director, Carnegie Museum*

### PICTURE PRIMER OF ATTRACTING BIRDS

By C. RUSSELL MASON.

Illustrated by Bob Hines.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1952.

30 pages.

\$2.50.

IN spite of phenomenal development of the media of mass communication, our society has by no means solved the problem of disseminating information. The almost limitless resources of great libraries are neither sufficiently appreciated nor fully utilized. Thousands of newspapers and magazines publish articles on almost every conceivable subject in the course of a year and repeat much of this information periodically. State and federal agencies, individuals, and private organizations distribute thousands of informative pamphlets to those who learn where to write and find time to do so before they mislay their memoranda! This glut of readily available literature impels specialists to accumulate reams of material and to spend a disproportionate amount of time filing it in the hope that they can locate the appropriate item to answer a specific question years later. Being a museum scientist I belong, of course, in this pack-rat category.

Unquestionably, the vast amount of information available for the asking and the multiplicity of organizations engaged in distributing it reduce many persons to a state of uncertainty comparable to that of a child on his first visit to a cafeteria. They always get more than they need but not always exactly what they wanted. For this very reason I am reviewing a book which has many features of which I do not approve but which does bring together a considerable amount of information on a subject of interest to many people, judging by the number of queries

directed to Carnegie Museum.

The *Picture Primer of Attracting Birds* is a hybrid in that it has the hallmarks of a children's book yet its content is by no means suited to youngsters. Bob Hines' numerous illustrations, all in color, are most attractive and will appeal equally to children and adults. The text, on the other hand, is so peppered with scientific names of plants that only a botanist or serious gardener will find it smooth reading, and the several tables, identification listings, and detailed inserts in the text are in type too small for children of primer level.

The book opens with pertinent recommendations of what to observe about birds in order to identify them readily. The next section, "Food for the Hungry," offers basic information about the building and provisioning of bird feeders. This discussion might well have been supplemented with references to publications, such as *Audubon Magazine*, that offer considerably more information on the types of bird feeders and the nutritive quality of various foods. Succeeding pages contain advice on providing water and ground cover for birds. In "Houses for Rent" a number of styles of birdhouses are illustrated and building specifications of many are given in tabular form. Here again reference to detailed bulletins, for those wishing to go beyond the primer, would be helpful.

Special planning and planting are necessary in order to welcome hummingbirds on arrival in May before the blooming season of many flowers they will frequent later. Mason, therefore, devotes two pages to discussion of a seasonal succession of plants that secrete the nectar and attract the minute insects these birds enjoy. An artificial lure in the form of a vial of sweetened water can be used but there is more esthetic satisfaction in watching a hummingbird



flashing from flower to flower of a swamp azalea or delphinium.

A one-page discussion of "Helps for House-Building" interested me particularly for I had never thought that Chipping Sparrows would welcome a few strands of my hair to line their nest in the event horsehair proves unavailable in the neighborhood or that I might help Crested Flycatchers similarly by providing a cellophane cigarette package wrapper as a substitute for a cast snake skin. Place an assortment of string, bits of cotton, wool, down, moss, grapevine bark, feathers and other nest-building materials on a convenient shrub outside your window and have the fun of seeing some of these selected for nests nearby.

When I was in grade school some farsighted group or individual, quite possibly inspired by John M. Phillips' example, provided each of my class with a mulberry seedling to plant at home. The tree I planted, and many of the others, are now over thirty feet in height and are seasonal free lunch counters for hosts of birds. I can personally endorse, therefore, Mason's statement: "If bird watchers had to select just one deciduous tree for bird attraction, the Mulberry (*Morus*) could well be chosen. A limited fruiting season might detract from its over-all value, and yet in this tree it is possible to count in one hour of watching more than twenty-five species of birds feeding on its fruit." Many other important bird food trees are mentioned in this section, but there is regrettably no emphasis upon the importance of fruit trees in attracting spring migrants, such as vireos and warblers, that crave small insects. A lone peach tree in a city yard may add more to the family bird list than the family table.

The property owner who has too little room for food-bearing trees can select from hundreds of worthy shrubs those that grow best in his locality. "Since one hundred and eighteen species of birds are recorded as feeding on Elderberries (*Sambucus*), this group ranks high for bird attraction. . . . For a tangle in a sunny corner, Blackberry and Raspberry (*Rubus*) are unexcelled, one hundred and fifty species—including Titmice, Mockingbirds, Thrushes, Wren-tits, Grosbeaks, and Towhees—being known to relish them. Furthermore, their

brambles make good nesting and escape cover."

"A Flower Garden for Birds" begins: "When your flower garden is past its prime, you may look for further color, and activity as well, when the Finches, Buntings, and Sparrows gather to harvest the seed. As more than one hundred species of birds feed on wild *Amaranthus* plants, the cultivated Princesfeather (*Amaranthus hybridus*) and Love-lies-bleeding (*A. caudatus*) should be included in your seed order. Choose some of the moderate-sized branching Sunflowers (*Helianthus*) rather than the tall, ungainly Mammoth Russian variety." Numerous perennials and biennials desirable for the birds' garden are listed and even the vegetable garden may fulfill a double function. "Goldfinches are fond of Rainbow Chard leaves, fresh, or frozen and decaying. Asparagus berries will be taken by Bluebird, Mourning Dove, and Pheasant."

If garden space permits the author recommends planting a plot, close to escape cover, with a mixture that will provide a variety of fall ripening seeds. He describes a typical mixture suitable for the Northeast and mentions other seeds that might be added or substituted depending on locality. If this recommendation is followed many seed-eaters may be expected to hold an autumn convention in your garden and even pause as they migrate northward in the spring to glean the seeds that remain.

Mason wisely devotes a page to the proper care of food-bearing trees and shrubs. He points out, among other things, that the common practice of pruning flowering shrubs immediately after blooming season gives these plants no opportunity to bear fruit for summer or autumn bird food.

Directions are included for laying out a miniature nature trail, an interesting suggestion applicable to any lot of about one-fifth acre or more. The book ends with a tabular summary of the characteristics of thirty trees and shrubs desirable for bird attraction.

This *Primer* is an attractive answer to a frequently asked question. As such it may be highly successful without persuading me to recant my belief that it could have been a much better answer.



## WINDOWS . . .

### SYMBOLS OF CULTURE

For many, many centuries man existed in structures without windows.

We ask ourselves why? The answer is simple—there was no glass for windows.

It was not until about the 12th Century that glass was used in windows to any appreciable extent. Glass was a rare and costly material. In many countries today, window glass is still a luxury which only the rich can afford.

During the 18th Century windows came into their own. The large bay window was widely used in England. This provided a room with a view and reflected the high level of culture of the 18th century.

The glass window became the subject of literary and historical writers. Some called it a symbol of cultural development. They pointed out that the glass window made it possible to open mankind's dwellings and minds to the wonders and beauty of nature.

Just as the glass window signifies cultural progress so does the name Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company signify superior quality in glass for home glazing.



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